Morning After

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Morning After

by JSinister32

Summary

> Will let the smile on his face grow as he stood; winced at the protestations of his lower back. Some deep, desperate part of him didn’t want the feeling to fade - the pain was irritating, but he also wanted it to last.
>
> He wanted to remember every blessed moment of his night.

Hannibal and Will hooked up at a New Years Eve party. Will gets to enjoy the next morning and everything it brings him.

Notes

Hello Lovelies!

This was supposed to come out earlier - alas, my laptop died, so I spent all day for the last two days sweating through transferring all of my work to a new laptop. Good news! I didn't lose any of my fics. Thank god. I would have been so sad.

So, here's this year's New Years fic, a day late. I am not editing it until later, so please forgive any mistakes you might find.

Happy New Years everyone! I can't wait to see what the year brings us.

Hearts and Body Parts,
🤍jm

NOTE: I do not allow translations or additional archiving locations. Please let me know if you find this work anywhere except AO3, posted by me. I hate adding this note, but I hate my work being stolen even more. Thank you for understanding.

See the end of the work for more notes

Baby, you are my New Years Eve,
My Beginning and my
End
Of everything.

Dull headache, wind coursing through the trees, the soft trill of birdsong, cold morning air. Waking up should not have been as comfortable as it was, especially with the amount Will Graham had to drink the night before, let alone the lack of sleep he'd had after his… indiscretions. What wonderful memories he'd created; what a disaster he should have been feeling. Somehow, much to his surprise, the calm that had lured him to sleep remained; he was sure he had someone to thank for that.

The stretch he took was languorous; full-bodied from the tips of his fingers where they curled above his head to his toes, where they were still trapped beneath warm sheets that didn't belong to him. The deep green hue of which they were comprised made his skin look tan; the sunlight that poured between the thin gossamer curtains was buttery-golden, making his body feel soft; pliable. A smile twitched at the very corners of his lips as he arched his back, pressing himself into the plushness of the mattress below him.

He ached in places he couldn't remember ever feeling fatigued; muscles protested in the backs of his legs and his lower back from the intimate exertions he'd experienced after the New Years Eve party he'd attended at the insistence of Beverly Kats, who'd threatened to drag him from his home if he didn't come willingly. The first hour was spent pressed to a wall, nursing a beer and wishing he could leave. Then, he'd arrived, stealing what little breath and composure Will had left to him. The sight of his lover in a three piece suit, eyes gleaming as they sipped cheap champagne from plastic flutes and talked about everything under the sun, had been enough for him to throw all caution to the wind.

They'd been kissing before the clock struck midnight; by 12:30, Will's back was pressed to the mattress on which he'd woken up, the other man draped over him, kissing his way down his chest as he skillfully opened the buttons to Will's shirt. He'd been incapable of speech as he was slowly taken apart; first with his lover's mouth, then his fingers as he readied Will to take him. By the time the profiler had been filled, he'd been practically fucking gagging for it - he'd never wanted anything as bad as he wanted Hannibal Lecter to fuck him.

He didn't want to think about the tears that had leaked onto the pillow beneath his head, or the way Hannibal had gently wiped them away, his cock so deep inside him, he couldn't tell where he stopped and the doctor began. He didn't want to think about the words he'd barely kept inside his chest; his treacherous heart as it tried to force them from him as he was brought to the very brink of his sanity and passion by the skillful hands tending to him, even as Hannibal took his own pleasure.

He wanted to press on the bruises on his hips from their second round; he wanted to see the marks from his handcuffs around Hannibal's wrists from the third. That particular orgasm had been so satisfying, it had made him black out momentarily. He'd barely been able to locate the key needed to release his companion from the headboard; Hannibal's body curled

behind him, hands stroking his hair as they finally called a ceasefire had made him feel more complete than he'd felt in years.

He expected to feel worse; instead, Will couldn't remember the last time he'd felt so utterly and completely alive.

He shifted, slowly let his body fall back to the bed, and finally allowed his eyes shutter open, adjusting to the light before turning his head. The other side of the bed was empty; cold, as if its occupant had been gone for hours. He didn't feel disappointment; warmth and contentment swam through his veins, more potent than any cocktail, curtailing any fallout he might have experienced from waking alone. The rich smell of freshly brewed coffee and some kind of baked food wafted through the open door of the bedroom in which he'd slumbered. Will's stomach tightened, letting out a distressed rumble. He wanted to laugh; would have, if his mouth hand't have been so dry. He was hungry; thirsty. He ached in the best ways possible and, despite his fatigue, or perhaps because of it, he wanted nothing more than to find the source of the scents tempting him from beneath the sheets.

Will let the smile on his face grow as he stood; winced at the protestations of his lower back. Some deep, desperate part of him didn't want the feeling to fade - the pain was irritating, but he also wanted it to last.

He wanted to remember every blessed moment of his night.

He glanced around; on the bedside table, folded neatly in an unmistakable stack, was a clean set of loungewear. Will's heart squeezed hard in his chest; his host was handsome, passionate, an amazing lover, and still managed to be unbelievably considerate, taking Will's comfort into account even though he was likely as exhausted as the profiler himself. He wasn't sure if it meant anything; not yet. But it touched him nonetheless. He collected the small pile and made his way to the en suite, closing the door softly behind him.

The man in the mirror didn't look like him. Gone was the usual grayness that accompanied him every morning, replaced with something else entirely. Will looked like a man who had passion for life; well slept, good color, bright eyes and a deep bruise on the side of his neck, marking him as belonging to someone else. He pressed to it, relishing in his memories of Hannibal's tongue and teeth working the skin to a welt, making him harder than he'd ever been in his life. Hannibal made his cock leak; he'd relished in Will's wetness as he stroked him, marveling in the texture of skin damp with precome. Will had flushed, embarrassment staining his cheeks a delicate shell pink. It had felt so good for his body to be appreciated - loved for what it was and what it did naturally, that he'd almost fallen for the man who'd taken him home.

Almost. He didn't let himself take the leap, but gods he'd wanted to.

Will shook his head and rinsed his face, toweling dry before reaching for the bundle of clothing. The t shirt fit him fine, stretching gently across his chest as he pulled it into place. The navy brushed cotton pants were a touch too long, but a single roll at the waist shortened them enough to keep him from tripping. Will shut off the light and made his way back to the bedroom, lingering for a moment to study the rumple of the sheets, recalling the restless coil

of their bodies as they'd fucked only hours before. Before he could get himself too worked up, he took a deep breath and faced the door, and whatever may lay beyond.

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The robe his lover wore was plush and crimson in color; it looked as soft as Hannibal's hair and matched his eyes to perfection, save for the deep gold circles at their very center. Will took his time in entering the room, slowing to an ambling stride so he could appreciate the strong line of Hannibal's shoulders beneath the delight of his robe; the tilt of his head as he worked on the stove. The coffee maker stood to one side, filled with caffeinated ambrosia, but nothing could have stolen those few perfect moments from Will's morning. A single thought flashed through his mind; filtered through like the sunlight in the bedroom, warm and too real for him to examine at any length.

Gods, he's so beautiful.

Will's legs carried him forward of their own volition; before his brain caught up with his actions, he reached out and wrapped an arm around Hannibal's waist, pulling him into his body. Hannibal was warm; firm planes of skin and muscle flexed beneath his hands as he hugged the other man closer. Hannibal smelled of sex and salt and the faintest hint of his aftershave - something spicy and autumnal, that made Will's mouth water. Hannibal didn't even flinch; he stilled momentarily, pulling in a surprised breath of air before settling contentedly into Will's side. He let them be; let the moment stretch in taffy sweetness before turning to meet Will's sky blue gaze. Whatever he saw in Will's eyes made his features soften from shrewdness to fondness - Hannibal's lips lifted in a gentle smile.

"Good morning, darling," he rumbled, turning back to the stove. His voice was still rough from sleep and the mistreatment it had suffered during their passion the night before - Will's arm flexed at his waist at the sound.

"A very good morning indeed," the profiler agreed, pressing up onto his toes to place a kiss to the back of Hannibal's neck, right at his hairline. Hannibal turned fully in his arms; Will hands fisted in the doctor's lapels, dragging him forward to press their mouths together in a gentle kiss; soft and devastating as a feather borne aloft on gunfire. Hannibal's groan came from the depths of his soul; he raked hands through Will's curls and pulled him into his arms, changing the angle of their kiss, deepening their contact. Will licked his way into the doctor's mouth; Hannibal made another quiet, contented sound and parted his lips, backing them up until Will was pressed into the fridge, a knee firmly between his thighs.

The timer on the stove beeped discreetly; with no small effort, Hannibal gently separated them and turned it off, donning an oven mitt before opening the oven door to retrieve the fruits of his labors. The golden brown top of the bread he placed on the stove looked perfect; Will had never been less hungry for something so delectable in his life.

"Bread?" he asked, stalking Hannibal against the stove, pressing his erection into the doctor's tailbone.

"Mm." Hannibal's voice shook; the sound made Will's knees weak.

“It will need to cool, won’t it?” The profiler tried. His voice rasped in his throat; his hands shook as they pulled at the sash holding Hannibal’s robe in place, parted the fabric clumsily. Calloused hands slipped into the opening and beneath the t shirt Hannibal wore; Hannibal barely trapped his moan behind his lips.

"It will."

“We’ve got some time to kill then,” Will reasoned, petting Hannibal’s abdomen, trailing through the soft hair that lead him downward to the waistband of Hannibal’s sleep pants. He cupped Hannibal’s growing erection, palming him through soft fabric until Hannibal keened, stretching his neck for Will to taste.

“I’m certain we can find some way of spending our time until we eat.” Hannibal turned in Will’s arms, eyebrow raised despite his arousal.

“What do you have in mind, Agent Graham?” Will’s grin turned feral; he pushed the robe down Hannibal’s arms and off until it pooled at the doctor’s feet with a soft flump.

“Let’s go back to bed,” he breathed against Hannibal’s lips. “I want-”

“Everything,” Hannibal finished for him. "I will give you everything and more."

“Make me feel it,” Will whispered. “I want to feel you this week while I attempt to do my job. I want to think of you like this; in my arms, in my body. I want you, Hannibal. Please." He reconnected their mouths before Hannibal could reply, but Hannibal nodded, hoisting Will off of the floor by his thighs. Will wrapped his legs around Hannibal’s waist as they set off down the hall.

The coffee grew bitter; the bread cooled completely before they managed to reemerge; sated, happy, and more than a little in love. Hannibal made a fresh pot while Will stared at the matching mark he’d left on Hannibal’s neck, wonder filling his eyes as they exchanged shy, appreciative glances.

“Stay,” Hannibal demanded as they cut into the bread. “Tonight. Forever. Just… Stay."

Will’s heart hurled itself into the stars.

"Anything you want, Hannibal." *As long as it's me.*

End Notes

Housekeeping:

Guys. I'm at 2.5 years exactly for writing for you. New Years is always a time of reflection for me, and although I say it a lot, I just want to remind you how much you all mean to me. Even those who simply read these fun little stories - I love all of you. Thank you for being here. I hope the year is incredible for you as it's shaping up to be for me.

January's fics will begin updates to old stories again, and a new chaptered fic will begin when I close out the advent. Stay tuned for those. Come chat with me on Twitter. You can find me @jsinister32.

Love you all. See you in the next.
-j.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!